

Hanner Was in It.

There was a crowd on the depot platform, and among them a little man who was tumbling over himself to hunt up boxes and parcels. He finally ran against a man who turned on him with:

"Now, don't you do that again, or you'll hear from me!"

"I've got to find about fourteen different things," explained the little man as he looked around.

"Well, you'll find my boot if you bump against me like that again!"

"Who talks of booting me?"

"I do!"

"But I don't allow any one to talk to me that way!"

"Don't give me any sass!"

"I'll sass you all I want to!"

"See, here, bub," said the man who had been bumped, "you close that mouth of yours and get away from me or I'll drop you off the platform!"

"You didn't do it!" shouted the little man.

"I'll show you that I dare!"

"I'm no fighter, but if you want a row I'll bring some one along to give it to you!"

"Oh, you will! Well, just trot out your champion and I'll cook his goose for him!"

While the little man skipped for the waiting room the other took off his coat and made ready. He was spitting on his hands when back came the little man, but accompanied by a woman who seemed to be about seven feet tall and weigh 300 pounds. She had a hand on her as red as a lobster and as big as a ham, and there was business in her eye as she walked up to the countless man and said:

"I'm his wife and my name's Hanner. Is there a row on hand?"

"I-I haven't heard of any," stammered the surprised beligerent as he backed away.

"Nor I either," she continued as she pushed up her sleeves, "but if one takes place you jest count me in. I knocked a horse down last week, and my hands are a little sore yet, but if anybody starts to drop Joshua off the platform I think his Hanner can make 'em wish they had never been born—I think she can!"

The crowd applauded, the man put on his coat and walked away, and after a triumphant look around "Hanner" returned to the twin boys waiting for her and peace was restored all around.

Aspirations.

"I think"—

The old man gazed at his mother as she dragged the heavy plough through the cornfield.

"That when I grow older I will have"—

He picked up a straw and used it for a toothpick as he continued meditatively—

"—a great pull."

he Told the Truth.

RICH OLD MAID—Do you love me, Henry?

HENRY (enthusiastically—but truthfully)—Love you? Why, my darling, love isn't the name for it.

Along in It.

SHE—If I remain single it is my own affair.

HE—Naturally. It only becomes some one else's when you don't.

Diplomacy.

MISS MAUD (to colored servant)—Johnson, did you hear anything that passed between Mr. Kissam and myself last night?

JOHNSON (nervously)—N-n-no, Miss Maud, nuffin at all, partly as Mr. Kissam called me out and giv me two dollars after it was all over not to hear nuffin that he'd already passed between yuh.

he Didn't Catch On.

CHAWLEY—What did you say to my wife last night that made her draw such a longing, hopeful sigh?

REGGY—I told her that she would make the most stunning widow in all New York if she only had the opportunity.

CHAWLEY—Ah, I don't wonder that you are so popular. You have the knack of saying such deuced charming things to the ladies, don't you know. Do have a drink!

Green-Eyed Monster.

MABEL—My fiancé says that I am never out of his mind.

AGNES—Ah, that is the reason then why he is always out of his own. There isn't room enough for two.

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On a Cable Car.

It was on a cable car, she had ridden not so far, and the half dime she extracted for her fare from a dainty little purselet. On which one could write a verselet. Then awaited for the staid conductor there.

With her lily finger tips Then she placed between her lips That wee silver piece in such a pretty way! And she held it there securely While she looked around demurely. As I watched the dear I couldn't help but say,

(In my mind, of course): "Oh, bright Little half dime! What delight Must be yours to press those rosy lips so sweet! How I envy you those sunny, Pretty lips, you piece of money! Would that mine were but a half dime here to meet!"

Unsafe.

"For heaven's sake don't propose Griggs betrays her a notorious bug."

"You don't say so! What has he done?"

"Everydaye"

in christendom who has asked for the heart and hand of his beautiful daughter.

At the Aquarium.

CITICUS—I understand they're adding to the aquarium collection all the time.

WITTICUS—Yes, I saw an old skate from the Ninth Ward and a Wall Street shark down there to-day.

Out of Sight in the Soup.

"Walter," said the boy, "there's no chicken in this soup."

"There is," said the waiter with Park row emphasis.

"Where is it then?" asked the boy; "I can't find any."

"It's in the soup all the same," said the waiter, "and good chicken, too; but it's out of sight."

"In the soup?" and "out of sight," although colloquialisms of opposite meaning are none the less twin sayings for they came upon the scene of action at the same moment, and came to stay.

Not Entirely Left.

LADY (longing help)—Single or married?

SERVANT—Single, mum; but I've 'ad chances.

He Prayed Conveniently.

Charles, aged five, refused to say his prayers on going to bed, and offered the following explanation: "I am going to pray mornings after this. What's the good of asking God anything when he's so rushed with all the children talking to him at once?"

What Made him Nervous.

Ranta, the tragedian, has given up traveling on account of nervousness caused by overwork.

"No, you see so many people have been killed lately on the tracks."

Which One?

MEDIUM—Mr. Sims, the spirit of your wife wishes to speak with you.

MR. SIMS—You should be more definite. I've buried three.

A Wonder.

GRIGGS—What makes you think that she is going to make such a great hit on the Metropolitan stage?

MANAGER—Because, sir, she is absolutely unique.

GRIGGS—A genius, eh?

MANAGER—Yes, nothing short of it. She hadn't had one single divorce, never been hauled up on supplementary proceedings, and never, never lost a diamond necklace.

MRS. BENHAM—You don't know beans.

BENHAM—I never claimed to be a Bostonian.

In the Fall.

His chair looked comfortable enough. Soft and softly cushioned, it looked luxurious enough for a Sybarite, but from the unhealthiest he displayed it seemed as though the cushions might be stuffed with pins and needles. Seldom at rest for a moment, he leaned now this way, now that; frequently shifting his legs, he crossed and uncrossed them rapidly, like the comic lever deer to the gallery who wishes to delicately insinuate difference. Now he would stealthily rub a prominence in his anatomy, and then he would make surreptitious dabs with his restless hands at various parts of his person, and whenever he thought he was unobserved he would desperately squint and screw himself about in his clothes. Occasionally when he did manage to remain quiet for a minute, his face settled into the firm, determined expression of a martyr resolved to endure unrepentant tortures. His most violent contortions always occurred when she was apparently not looking at him, but all his movements were characterized by slyness. He evidently was doing his best to conceal them from her.

But she saw and noted every one of his surreptitious actions. They puzzled her. He, usually so calm, so reposeful, to behave like a nervous child under restraint! What possible explanation could there be? Then her heart whispered the answer.

Then she fell to pitying him. Poor fellow! It he only knew how eagerly she longed for him to speak, what a temptation leap year was to her, how easily it could all be happily settled. But why didn't he speak? Had he no nerve at all? The suspense began to wear upon her, and she, too, became nervous and fidgety. The minutes passed and the conversation almost stopped; their thoughts were otherwise occupied. Oh, why didn't he ask it? The strain became unendurable.

"Jack!" she screamed, springing to her feet and clasping her hands until the knuckles turned white; "Jack! say what you have to say! What is it? What are you thinking of?"

"Excuse me! I thought you didn't notice, he replied, striding up and down the room, wildly wagging his shoulders. "The fact is I don't think of anything but these confounded Winter underclothes I put on to-day. They're scratching me crazy!"

Both Good of Their Kind.

MISS CHILDISH—I cannot for the life of me think of the name of the instrument which enables one to describe a perfect circle.

MR. GEOMETRIX—Do you mean a pair of compasses or a piece of banana skin on the sidewalk?

Manly Sarcastism.

"Papa, what is a bicycle built for two?"

"Your mother's, my child. She rides it and I have to take care of it."

Genuine.

CHOLLY—How did Algy get his aw—lovely accent?

REGGY—Why, the dear boy got his teeth direct from—aw—London.

Eligible.

HALLS—Is your son old enough to send to college yet?

NIMMS—Oh, yes.

HALLS—What's his age?

NIMMS—I don't remember; but he has twenty-inch blimps, strikes a two-hundred-pound blow, wears his copious hair with outriggers in his ears, and smokes nine packages of cigarettes a day.

HALLS—Oh, he'll do then; he'll do, dead sure. He'll be a prize winner, that fellow!

Real Men.

TOUCHER—Well, sir, though I am poor body, I wish you to understand sir, that I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth.

NITT—Indeed? What have you done with the ticket?

Too Often True.

HILLS—I don't see why you call your suburban hotel a "Wheelman's Rest."

JASON—Why not?

HILLS—Because I notice that you always make the wheelmen carry away a bigger load with them than they bring.

his Subsequent Action.

INQUISITIVE TOURIST—Supposing I should call you a liar, what would you do?

ALKALI IKK—Kinder mention the fact to the Coroner the first time I saw him.

In the Watches of the Night.

HE—I wish I had a gun. Evidently that cat thinks he can sing.

SHE (drowsily)—Very likely. He ate the canary this morning.

THE GREEDY BIRD AND THE SPONGES.



Inseparated.

SHE—Mrs. Manners is very particular about the behavior of her children. She gives them lessons in politeness every morning.

HE—Sort of daily bread, eh?

Always a Winner.

SHE—Are you very lucky at cards?

HE—Very lucky. I always win.

SHE (slyly)—How about five?

HE (promptly)—Just as lucky. I always lose.

They Certainly have Some Temptation.

That was a most polite young man. Who, when his prison he did break, behind him left a note which ran—

"Excuse the liberty I take!"

he Could Save Expense.

SQUILLS—A man never seems to know when he is well off.

DILLS—If he did there would be no necessity for a Board of Lunacy Commissioners.

her Dairy.

At first it seems a lovely lad, And she is quite inspired. Though in a little while she'll find, "Oh, dear! it makes me tired."

An American Girl.

HE—What do you call a real typical American girl?

SHE—One who prefers an heir in the castle to a snail in the air.